

NEW YORK

Saturday Evening Post

A POPULAR PAPER

FOR

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BRADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BRADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. IV.

F. Bradle, William Adams, David Adams.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, 2.00.
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 176.

DESERTED.

BY ST. ELMO.

In the soft, pale hush of twilight,
Sally meandered the crystal sea,
While the golden-tinted moonlight
Flooded all the perfumed lea;
The gentle zephyrs floated
Out upon the hazy air,
Where the dewdrops, silver-coated,
Smiled upon a maiden fair.

By the sea she sat and listened,
Was it ever thus to be?
On the waves the starlight glistened
Gorgeous, beautiful and free;
Fairies danced across the billows,
How gayly they leaped and leered,
Hanging from the weeping willows,
White as snow-flakes and as fair.

Over all a spell of sadness
Grew upon her with the dismal chain,
And one heart was free from gladness,
For alas 'twas filled with pain;
Yet, the charm was to be broken,
For the time was drawing nigh,
And there was to be one token
That would often cause a sigh.

Far across the blue sea water,
With its fierce and angry breath,
Rushed forth the billows of death;
And upon the angry ocean
Sped a bark before the gale,
Rushing, with a blinding motion,
Through the midnight stern and pale.

Morn approaches dark and dreary,
O'er the stormy southern sea,
And the sailors, worn and weary,
Calmly wait their destiny.
For a brief time 'tis sinking,
And amid the tempest's roar
One bold heart is sadly thinking
Of that maiden on the shore.

Years have passed, and 'neath the willows,
Kneeling by a grass-grown grave,
She wept for her lost love,
Who was a stranger fair and brave;
Long he kept them without speaking,
Till at length the starry sea
Bore a sob—'twas not its seeking,
"Marie, I've come back to thee!"



Trapper Tom hung in mid-air over the chasm, clutching wildly at space for support.

Dashing Dick:

OR,

TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"NOT SPY," "IRONSIDER THE SOUTH," "DEATH
NOTH," "THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A SINGULAR COMPACT.

PRairie View was a small settlement, composed of about a dozen log-cabins and perhaps fifty souls. A score of the latter were strong, able-bodied men, the rest women and children. The settlement had been founded about two years previous to the opening of our story, and, although it had been greatly harassed by the Indians under the notorious Red Falcon, and had had a number of its horses and cattle stolen, it had suffered no loss of life but in a single instance.

About a month prior to the transactions we have already narrated, Red Falcon and about twenty of his warriors descended upon the cabin of one Thomas Winslow, who lived about a mile from the main village, and murdered all but one of the family. This one was a girl of eighteen, Pauline Winslow, whom Red Falcon had spared that he might carry her a captive to his lodge. In fact, her capture was the sole object that led the savage there, but, being a brave and fearless girl, she escaped the villain's power and sought safety by flight under cover of night, to Prairie View, where she was re-

ceived into the family of her uncle, Ishmael Haven.

Pauline was beautiful, but something besides mere beauty rendered her admired and loved by all whom she came in contact with. She was full of life, vivacious and kind-hearted, always carrying sunshine and joy into the saddest home and heart—ever welcome by old and young.

No one in the settlement could excel her in the use of the rifle or in feats of horsemanship. Her love of out-door sport and exercise had given the strength of the commonality of men, besides imparting to her cheeks a healthy, rosy bloom; to her eyes a lustrous and joyous light; and to her form, grace and perfect development.

The death of her friends had, however, thrown a cloud of sorrow over her usually joyous heart and bowed her down with grief. In an hour's time the happy, light-hearted maiden had been made a sorrowing, weeping orphan. But her courage did not desert her. On the contrary, it became strengthened by an innate desire for vengeance on the despilers of her home and happiness. Her friends did all they could to console her, and, though she was the same kind-hearted girl, the soft light of her eyes and the music of her voice were gone—the one had deepened into a fire that found nourishment in a spirit of vengeance, while the other had been silenced in the bitterness of her grief.

As time wore on, however, her sorrow grew lighter, and she began to recover some of her past spirit; still she kept that hungry determination locked within her breast—a determination to see that her friends' deaths were avenged.

On the same day that Dashing Dick, the hunter, left Clear Lake, Pauline issued from the door of her uncle's cabin and moved away toward the woods north of the settlement.

She was dressed in a short frock, made of fine buck-skin and ornamented with yellow fringe. In style it resembled that of the dress usually worn by an Indian queen or princess, with the exception of the waist, which was entirely original in style with its wearer. A little scarlet cap, with a white plume, surrounded her head, and from beneath this, clusters of dark ringlets escaped.

She carried a small highly-finished rifle, with silver mountings, while at her side were suspended a fancy powder-horn and bullet-pouch by means of a scarlet sash passing over her left shoulder. These had all been a gift from one whom rumor said she loved. The name of the donor, as well as of the recipient, was engraved on a silver plate on the stock of the piece, and, as Pauline moved on into the shadows of the wild-woods, her mind absorbed in thought, she came to a sudden stop, dropped her rifle into the hollow of her arm, and, glancing at the plate upon its stock, murmured the name:

"Charles Temple."

The name was involuntarily spoken aloud, but Pauline had no idea that there were ears about to hear her words, until a figure pushed from a clump of maples at her side and said:

"Then, the young squaw hunter loves him whose name is upon her lips?"

Pauline started, not through fear, but embarrassment. She turned and saw an Indian girl standing at her side, her dusky face aglow with some inward emotion. She was not over

on the same day that Dashing Dick, the hunter, left Clear Lake, Pauline issued from the door of her uncle's cabin and moved away toward the woods north of the settlement.

She was dressed in a short frock, made of fine buck-skin and ornamented with yellow fringe. In style it resembled that of the dress usually worn by an Indian queen or princess, with the exception of the waist, which was entirely original in style with its wearer. A little scarlet cap, with a white plume, surrounded her head, and from beneath this, clusters of dark ringlets escaped.

She carried a small highly-finished rifle, with silver mountings, while at her side were suspended a fancy powder-horn and bullet-pouch by means of a scarlet sash passing over her left shoulder. These had all been a gift from one whom rumor said she loved. The name of the donor, as well as of the recipient, was engraved on a silver plate on the stock of the piece, and, as Pauline moved on into the shadows of the wild-woods, her mind absorbed in thought, she came to a sudden stop, dropped her rifle into the hollow of her arm, and, glancing at the plate upon its stock, murmured the name:

"Charles Temple."

The name was involuntarily spoken aloud, but Pauline had no idea that there were ears about to hear her words, until a figure pushed from a clump of maples at her side and said:

"Then, the young squaw hunter loves him whose name is upon her lips?"

Pauline started, not through fear, but embarrassment. She turned and saw an Indian girl standing at her side, her dusky face aglow with some inward emotion. She was not over

eighteen years of age, and her natural beauty was greatly enhanced by the gaudy dress she wore, and the glittering jewels that sparkled in her black, flowing hair. Her features were purely Indian, but full of expression and devoid of that gravity and stoical indifference so characteristic of her race.

Pauline recognized her at once. She had often been at Prairie View, and was known as Oloooah, the Indian Princess.

"Why, Oloooah, you here?" exclaimed Pauline, greatly embarrassed by the girl's sudden appearance and the question she asked.

"Yes," replied the dusky maiden, speaking the Saxon tongue quite fluently; "does not Oloooah come often to see her white sister?"

"You used to, Oloooah," replied Pauline, "but since Red Falcon has taken up the hatchet against the pale-faces, I supposed your friendship had turned with the spirit of your party."

"Oloooah does not go on the war-path, neither does her white sister, and why should they be enemies?"

"They have no reason to be, Oloooah," replied Pauline; "but I have reason to hate your people, or many of them at least."

"I know my white sister's troubles. Sorrow has fallen on her heart. Red Falcon and his braves slew her friends. Oloooah would have saved them, but the warrior ponies were fiercer than Oloooah's feet."

"Then you knew my home was to be attacked?"

"Yes; Red Falcon wanted you for a wife, and, to get you, he planned the destruction of your home and friends in secret; but Oloooah's ears were keen and heard the hiss of the serpent, but she could not save your friends from his sting."

"Oh, what a heartless wretch he is!" said Pauline.

"Oloooah would sink a dagger into Red Falcon's heart, if it would not put the stain of murder upon her hands. Red Falcon is a bad, cruel chief. He is an impostor. He filled the ears of the Sioux with falsehoods. He told them that the Great Spirit had sent him there to preside over the tribe. He did many strange things that led my people to believe his stories, and he was placed chief sachem over the tribe. He holds the place that Oloooah's lover should, by rights, hold to-day. And when Elk Horn, Oloooah's lover, and his young chiefs conspired against the impostor, Red Falcon, a traitor betrayed them. Death would have been the penalty, but Elk Horn and his chiefs exiled themselves from the tribe. Some day Red Falcon will fall, then will Elk Horn become chief of the Sioux, and friend of the whites."

"Oh! I pray that day will soon come, Oloooah."

"It may come soon. The white hunter, called Trapper Tom, who lives at the haunted lake, is upon Red Falcon's trail with his spirit of vengeance that dwelt with him in the Castle."

Pauline smiled at the maiden's remarks and her belief in the superstitions, yet popular tradition of Clear Lake being the abode of spirits.

"Then, if you are my friend, Oloooah," Pauline at length said, "perhaps you can tell me something of Red Falcon's future intentions."

"Oloooah's white sister guesses well. I am here with news intended only for the ears of the white maiden. Let her follow me into yon thicket and listen."

Oloooah turned and entered a clump of bushes, closely followed by Pauline.

Here for several minutes they remained in a low conversation. When they again emerged from the thicket, Oloooah's face wore a faint smile of triumph, while Pauline was pale, and her eyes burned with the fire of some deep, inward emotion.

They conversed a few minutes longer, then parted. Oloooah went away northward, while our heroine moved on through the woods in a westerly direction, her mind absorbed in deep reflection.

The chatter of a squirrel in a tree-top overhead suddenly aroused her from her reverie, and glancing up through the foliage, she saw the little animal perched upon a bough. It presented a splendid mark, and raising her rifle, the maiden rested the barrel against a small tree, and taking a steady aim, pressed the trigger. There was a sharp report, a puff of white smoke, and the next instant the squirrel came crashing down through the foliage, shot through the head.

Advancing, the young huntress secured her game, and was about reloading her rifle, when a pleasant and familiar voice greeted her ear.

"A capital shot was that, Miss Winslow."

The maiden turned and saw Dashing Dick, the hunter, approaching. She greeted him kindly, but betrayed no unusual emotion nor embarrassment.

Dick advanced, and dropping the butt of his rifle to the ground, leaned in a careless attitude upon the muzzle. Then removing his cap to cool his heated brow, he said:

"Are you not afraid, Paulie, to be so far from the settlement?"

"Afraid?—or what, Mr. Thurman?"

"Red Falcon and his minions, to be sure! But please call me Dick, Paulie; 'Mr. Thurman' sounds too formal for a fellow like me."

The maiden smiled, and replied:

"Then, Dick, have you seen aught of Red Falcon and his warriors in the vicinity?"

"No," he responded; "but there is no telling how soon they may come, Paulie; and then I shudder to think what will be the fate of Prairie View."

Pauline glared like a startled fawn at the young hunter. Her face grew slightly pale, but to conceal her emotions, of which she was conscious, she began reloading her rifle.

A momentary silence ensued, then Dick continued:

"And now, Paulie, I desire to say, or rather repeat, this while I have the opportunity: I love you as man never loved woman before, and I pray my love is respected if not reciprocated, and that you will grant me the boon of your hand and the right of being your protector through life."

Pauline was unmoved by this sudden confession of the young hunter. She had expected it from the first and was prepared to answer him.

"Dick," she said, in her matter-of-fact way, "I can not grant you the boon you ask."

"Then you love another—either your cousin Harry Herbert, or Captain Charley Temple," Dick broke in, in a tone of disparagement.

"I did not say so, Dick," Pauline continued.

"I have resolved to marry no one while the assassin of my friends goes unpunished."

"Then you have turned an avenger, Paulie?"

"I will never rest," she replied, a wonderful light shining from the liquid depths of her dark eyes, "I will never be at peace of heart while Red Falcon lives. Yes, if you are so a mind to term it, I am an avenger in spirit, if not in act."

"Paulie," and the young man's voice grew strong with emotion, "intrust this work of vengeance to me. You, a feeble girl, could never carry out your resolutions in the face of the dangers and hardships to which it requires years for us strong and hardy men to become accustomed. Only give me some hopes for the future, Paulie, and the death of your friends shall be avenged."

"I will give you this assurance, Dick—the same that I gave my cousin, Harry Herbert: when you bring me the scalp of Red Falcon, then will I promise to become your wife!"

Dick was astonished by this strange proposal. He started, and his face grew pale and red by turns, and a light of hope and joy beamed in his fine, dark-gray eyes. Advancing, he took Pauline's little soft hand in his own hard palm, and in a tone tremulous with inward emotion, he said:

"Pauline, this is indeed a happy moment to me—to receive from your lips this rather singular promise, the fulfillment of which I shall exert every effort in my power to claim at an early day. Yes, Paulie, Red Falcon's scalp you shall have from my hands, if twenty years."

"Or," interrupted Pauline, "if Harry Herbert does not get it before you do."

"In that case, you will be lost to me forever?"

"Yes; the promise I made Harry shall be binding as the one I have made you, and you may think strange of me for it; but I will admit that I can be equally happy as the wife of either you or Harry. Moreover, you may think me depraved and wanting in womanly sensitiveness to ask so bloody a gift as a human scalp, but I desire it as much as an assurance of your avowed love as the satisfying of my spirit that is crying out for vengeance on my friends' destroyers."

"Then you really care nothing for Captain Temple, do you, Paulie?"

"Is it not possible for me to love three, as well as two?" was her evasive reply.

"I admit it is; but you either care nothing for any of us, or love but one. And since you have made no proposition to Captain Temple for Red Falcon's scalp, I am half inclined to believe he stands first in your heart; however, I can submit to fate and your decision, and from this moment the sole object of my labor shall be to secure the scalp of Red Falcon. I feel certain of success, too, for I think I possess advantages over Harry Herbert."

"In what respect?"

"In experience as a borderman. I have never seen Harry, but I have heard that he has only been on the border a short time."

"That's true, Dick; Harry has had but little experience on the border, and is young; and so there is one thing I desire to be explicitly understood between you and me, as it shall be understood between me and Harry; and that is, the spirit of jealous rivalry between you and Harry will induce a forfeiture of my promise."

"In my part, your desire shall be gratified. I will do any thing for your love."

"Then let this be a fair understanding between us, Dick."

"It shall be, Paulie," he replied, "and I am almost tempted to promise that, within the next week, I will bring you the scalp of Red Falcon."

"Then good-bye, Dick," she said, turning away toward Prairie View; "but," she continued, glancing back over her shoulder with a world of meaning in her words, "be sure that you bring me the right scalp, that of Red Falcon, the

There were two of them—a man and woman. They were the fugitives from the score of mounted Indians that were thundering on in swift pursuit, but a dozen rods behind.

The old trapper got but a mere glimpse at the fugitives; but it was sufficient. It told him who they were—Dashing Dick and Pauline Winslow.

"By the shades of Tophet!" the trapper exclaimed aloud to himself, "it's Dashin' Dick and Polly Winslow, and a fearful ride they're havin' o' it! Whee! their horses was white with foam, and their own faces looked like snow. And the way they were goin'! why, if 'twen't for this specie of foam from one of the horses' flanks, still quiverin' on my hand, I'd swar' they were specters, or else I'd been dreamin'."

"There is a swift rush of feet. A hundred savage-warriors come pourin' from the shadows of the woods to surround the fugitives. A cry issues from their lips and thrills in quavering echoes through the lonely halls of the night.

"My God, Pauline," cried the young hunter, "we are surrounded—we are prisoners!"

He turned his head, for no cry nor word is issued from Pauline's lips. It was then that he made a startling discovery that turned his fears to surprise. By his side stood Pauline's horse, but it was *ridersless*! The maid was gone, but where she had been spirited to, and by what silent and mysterious power, was something beyond the young hunter's comprehension!

Turning, the old trapper glided away through the forest toward the lake.

In the meantime Dashing Dick and his fair companion were galloping on through the woods, with the savages still pressing close behind them.

Early that day Dashing Dick had called at Prairie View, and together he and Pauline had taken a pleasure ride to Lake Castle. In fact, Pauline had volunteered to deliver a message from her uncle to Trapper Tom, regarding some traps, and it was while on the eve of starting on this mission that Dick called at the settlement. He was then on his way to the lake himself, and so he rode on with Pauline.

When they had reached the lake, they found Trapper Tom was absent from the Castle, and in hopes of running across him, they turned eastward and rode away.

Both had become so absorbed in the pleasures of their ride, that they failed to notice the lateness of the hour, until a savage yell smote, like a death-knell upon their ears, and they beheld a score of mounted Indians bearing down upon them with the speed of the wind.

Dashing Dick raised his rifle and fired upon the advancing foe, then turning, the two began their flight.

Pauline, brave and peerless as she was, remained perfectly calm and self-possessed, manifesting no fear whatever.

A long stretch of prairie lay before the fugitives, and over this they would be compelled to flee, all the time within plain view of the enemy. There was no chance of eluding them until they—the fugitives—had reached the timber, miles away.

The day, however, was drawing to a close, and with eager impatience did the fugitives watch the lowering sun, and at length, when he sunk to rest behind the distant plain, and twilight came on and deepened into night, they experienced some relief. But this was not long to last, for the moon, already in the heavens, flooded the plain with its radiance.

Their hopes now centered on the forest before them. Once within its shadows, they could elude the foe, and seek shelter and safety from night and fog at Lake Castle.

This was the course suggested by Dashing Dick, as they rode onward, and it was approved by the brave girl at his side.

They conversed but little as they fled onward. Pauline never evinced so much fear as to gaze back at their pursuers. The dashing young borderman at her side, however, glanced over his shoulder, ever and anon, to note the situation. Then Pauline would search his face for some evidence of their increasing or decreasing danger. But his features were immovable. Only that same fearless, daring and silent expression rested upon them, and his voice was clear and unfaltering.

"This" he finally remarked, "is a rather unpleasant termination of our pleasure ride, Pauline."

"It is, indeed Dick," the maiden replied, with unwavering voice; "are those Red Falcon's warriors pursuing us?"

"I presume so," he responded; "at any rate they are Sioux."

"Then it makes no difference whether they belong to Red Falcon's band or not. If we were to fall into their power we would soon be at the mercy of that inhuman monster, Red Falcon. But, rather than fall into their power, I will—"

"Will what, Paulie?" exclaimed Dick, wildly.

"Take my own life."

The eyes of the fugitives met as she announced this desperate resolution. Such a light as beamed in her companion's eyes Pauline had never seen before, and something like a chill crept over her.

"You astonish me, Pauline," he finally said; "remember that I love you, and the blow that takes your life will reach my heart also. No, you must not think of such a desperate act. In fact, were such a thing justifiable, our present danger would not warrant it. The forest is but a few minutes' ride distant, and once within its shadows it will not take long to reach Lake Castle."

"The abode of Trapper Tom and avenging spirits," added Pauline, and a faint smile played about her pretty mouth.

"I will admit Trapper Tom and Lake Castle are a bit of a mystery to me, as well as to Red Falcon and his minions. Having been a guest at the Castle I speak from observation—but thank fortune! here is the timber at last."

The next moment they dashed into the woods, and as they checked their animals slightly, Pauline, exclaimed:

"Dick, did you see that man standing on the margin of the thicket where we entered the woods?"

"I did not, Paulie," he replied; "was it an Indian or white man, or could you discriminate between the two in the dark?"

"I took it to be Trapper Tom."

"I hope it was not, Paulie, for if we go to Lake Castle we will not get in unless Tom is there."

"I might be mistaken, but it struck me at once that it was the figure of the trapper. But hark! are the savages not gaining upon us?"

"Yes, they are like bloodhounds, hard to elude even in the darkness of the woods. But let us hope for the best."

They rode on, without further conversation, side by side, keeping upon a high, sparsely wooded ridge which sloped gradually down to Clear Lake.

Owing to the numerous obstructions to be met with overhead and under foot, they could not ride fast, but at the same time they had the assurance that the pursuers could not make any better speed than themselves.

As they sped on in silence, Pauline noticed that Dashing Dick kept every faculty on the alert. They could still hear the pursuers behind them, and at length, strange sounds to the right of them became audible. And these were answered by other sounds to the left of, and before them. They were noises not belonging to the wilderness, but appeared more like pre-

concerted signals issuing from the throats of Indians who were evidently trying to telegraph their location to each other.

As if to keep his fears concealed from Pauline, Dashing Dick appeared to take no notice of these ominous noises and rode on in silence. But Pauline had not failed to weigh their import, in her own mind.

At length a small opening, or glade was entered. Dick's animal was now several feet ahead of the maiden's, and when near the center of the opening it suddenly pricked up its ears and sniffed the air as if with alarm, causing its master to bend his head and listen.

He started with a low cry of alarm.

There is a rustle in the undergrowth around.

There is a swift rush of feet. A hundred savage-warriors come pourin' from the shadows of the woods to surround the fugitives. A cry issues from their lips and thrills in quavering echoes through the lonely halls of the night.

"My God, Pauline," cried the young hunter, "we are surrounded—we are prisoners!"

He turned his head, for no cry nor word is issued from Pauline's lips. It was then that he made a startling discovery that turned his fears to surprise.

By his side stood Pauline's horse,

but it was *ridersless*! The maid was gone, but where she had been spirited to, and by what silent and mysterious power, was something beyond the young hunter's comprehension!

CHAPTER V.

TRAPPER TOM IN TROUBLE.

WE will now go back and follow Trapper Tom on his adventuresome trip to Clear Lake. He took his way through the woods in a course that would bring him soonest to the lake, for he felt satisfied the fugitives, Dick and Pauline, were aiming for that point. He moved quite rapidly and with less precaution than he usually observed. But his haste would not admit of much silence, and as the consequence of this, he suddenly became aware of his footsteps being dogged by a foe bent upon mischief, or a friend in doubt as to who he was. This led him to observe greater precaution in his movements and to select a route more difficult for an enemy to follow.

This change, however, did not divert the cunning of his "evil genius," for his footsteps could still be heard, at times behind and on either side.

In spite of this unknown danger, Trapper Tom held steadily on his course. His progress was finally disputed by a small creek, which, cutting its way through a high stretch of ground to seek a level with Clear Lake, had worn a deep channel whose embankments were high and projecting.

This creek and all its crossings were well known to Trapper Tom, and turning, he moved rapidly along its shore toward the lake. He knew where a large log spanned the deep channel upon which he crossed almost daily, and it was to reach this point that led him in his present course.

He soon arrived at the log—an immense tree that the storm-winds had thrown across the water-course, as Trapper Tom thought, for his especial accommodation. But that it was used by other feet than his own was evident from the fact that its upper surface was worn smooth.

As was usual with him, the old borderman stopped to make sure no one was about, before venturing out upon the log, for when directly over the center of the stream, he would be exposed to the full glare of the moon. He scanned the banks above and below, but saw nothing. Then he listened, but heard naught save the sullen murmur of the water far down in the narrow black rift. Even the stealthy footsteps of his late unknown follower could no longer be heard.

Pushing through the intervening thicket of bushes, the trapper stepped upon the log and began moving carefully along. His eyes were bent downward upon the narrow bridge, for he was compelled to pick each footstep with care.

He was half-way across, when his attention was arrested by something which he had never seen upon the log before. It was, or appeared to be, a slender vine extending from the log at his feet to the bank in a triangular direction. He stopped to inquire into it, for even the presence of such trifling things seldom escapes the attention and inquiry of trained bordermen.

He saw that the opposite end of the vine was lost in the shadows of the shrubbery at the bank of the chasm, and so he carefully ran his eyes along the slender object, and, to his surprise, saw that it terminated in a kind of a loop which lay upon the top of the log.

He started with an inward shudder when he made this discovery, for he saw that the supposed vine was a rope made of fibrous bark, and that the circle, on the end resting on the log, was a slip-noose, and within this noose one of his feet was *already* squarely planted!

In an instant it flashed across his mind that the whole thing was the work of savage hands to entrap him, and the first movement suggested was that of retreat backward; but, even before he could move a muscle, his enemies, as if divining his very thoughts, sprung their cunning trap. The cord was jerked upward, and the noose encircling the ankle of the trapper, threw him off his balance, and he fell backward from the log, and the next instant he was hanging, head downward, over the black, roaring chasm, from the narrow bridge, over which the fatal cord became tightly and securely drawn.

The savages had lowered the old trapper about ten feet below the log and then made the rope fast to it, and in this fearful position Trapper Tom hung in mid-air over the chasm, clutching wildly at space for support.

But alas! His enemies had made their calculations well, and he found himself several feet from any object that offered him the least assistance. He was, for once in his life, completely at the mercy of his foes; and his situation was a painful one. Should the savages so desire, they could easily shoot him where he hung, or cut the rope and let him fall on the rocks below to a certain death. Nevertheless, death by either of the former ways would have been preferred by Trapper Tom to a long suspension there, for, besides all the horrors of the position, the pain itself was extremely agonizing.

He could hear the yells and jeers of those above him. He could see their forms upon the log outlined against the starry sky like colossal giants. He could see the bright moon and the dark line of forest trees that fringed either bank of the chasm, but all these were gradually assuming unnatural proportions, for his brain was growing dizzy and his eyesight dim.

The savages seemed to know that he could not last in such a position long, and as they had no desire for his speedy death, they began making arrangements to bind him where he hung, and then to draw him up at their leisure.

As they sped on in silence, Pauline noticed that Dashing Dick kept every faculty on the alert.

They could still hear the pursuers behind them, and at length, strange sounds to the right of them became audible. And these were answered by other sounds to the left of, and before them. They were noises not belonging to the wilderness, but appeared more like pre-

concerted signals issuing from the throats of Indians who were evidently trying to telegraph their location to each other.

So a cord was fastened around the waist of a warrior, who was then lowered from the cliff by his companions to bind Trapper Tom while he was in a position where he could offer no resistance whatever to the will of his dusky captors.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution. His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

A low exclamation escaped his lips, and the sound reaching the ears of his companions, they ceased lowering him to ascertain the cause of his alarm.

The savage raised his eyes and glanced toward the dark facade of the cliff. Then another cry—a cry of terror—escaped his lips, for he discovered two dull, scintillating orbs of fire fixed upon him, and back of these was a low, purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution.

His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt

them about his person, and was about to plunge again into the stream of the flying regiments.

As he arose, a hand gripped his collar, and some one shouted, in a wild, triumphant accent:

"At last, you cur! At last I've found you!"

He wheeled—to be confronted by the face of Henry Yost! The gambler held a revolver leveled at his head, and barked, fiercely:

"William Manning—cowardly assassin! your time has come!"

"Hands off, you scoundrel!"

"No. You die here!—You killed Jasper Gowen, who was the best friend I had in the world—you shot him as only a murderer will shoot. I swore to hunt you down to your death—and you perish with the rest at Bull Run!"

Quick as the coil of a snake, Manning grappled with him. A savage struggle ensued. Then came the flash of the revolver in the gambler's hand, and the young man staggered back, groping blindly.

In the same moment another figure appeared upon the scene—a little form that sped forward like an arrow, and struck Yost a blow which felled him to the earth. Manning lay prostrate on his face; the gambler sunk insensible under the ax-like stroke of the avenger.

Then the new-comer knelt by the young farmer, and raised him tenderly.

"William Manning, wake up!" he almost barked. "You must not die! Do you hear me? We have both too much to live for. Rouse, I say!"

Slowly Manning opened his eyes. He gazed upon a familiar face—features brown and handsome, where brilliant eyes glanced down with a hopeful eagerness.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes. You are Max, the mad boy."

"Not mad, William Manning!—not the Max you once met at the cabin of Beech Fores! Listen to me. I have a strange tale to tell you. I am your half-brother. I am Mark St. Sylvain!"

Far off to the north-west of the defeated army, a glimmering light shone in the sky. There was a large fire in the distance, as if it were a burning building—the glare of which reflected along a line of railroad from Fairfax, and nearly to Alexandria.

Gradually the luminous sheet grew more brilliant, till the heavens glowed in a weird, wavering dye of crimson.

Myrtleworth was in flames in a hill.

AN ALTERED LIFE

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, in the year 1866.

It was a disagreeable day in the early part of the first season, when the warmth of overcoats was still comfortable, and the less hardy were well muffled. Though the sun shone brightly, there was little heat in its rays; and people walked fast to keep up an active circulation.

The hour was nearly 4 P.M. Clerks and employees were already coming from the various departments.

Moving swiftly along the pavement before the Treasury Building was the figure of a female, plainly clad, and with a thick green veil drawn tightly about her face—a "Treasury Girl," one of those busy bees who have suffered the cruelest derisions of modern aristocracy, and the vilifications of caustic-spirited sneers.

As a class, these weary, yet praise-deserving toilers, have struggled under heartless abuses and sharp stings of enmity at the hands of self-constituted judges, till it would seem that society (that bubble-hollow source of phenomenal edicts!) had selected them as special objects of hate, and sought to curse them by rank stories and vile hints; aiming bars of reflection, as unholly as unjust, from tapestry salons or temples of feast. But the wiser, truer perception has discovered in these same "Treasury Girls"—not alone the fairest, purest buds that ever burst in beauty, but minds of cultivation; intellectual capabilities that many a butterfly-belle might envy; accomplishments that are the fruits of modest diligence, rather than gilded training; impulses to shame the stilted charities of gloved nabobs; and brows of snow, fitted for the crown-diadems of royalty.

The young girl of whom we speak had just come out of the building, and was hastening like others homeward.

On the opposite side at the corner of F street a man was standing. The moment he saw her his eyes riveted upon her and watched after her intently.

"It must be she," he muttered. "I am sure. For a whole week now I have waited here, at the same hour every day, to catch a glimpse of her. I can not be mistaken; I could swear to that form."

Acting upon a sudden resolution, he followed her.

She crossed, and continued out New York Avenue. As she neared Fourteenth street he had touched her arm, and a voice said:

"I beg your pardon; but—"

She halted, and recoiled with a little cry. It was Myrtle.

"Miss St. Sylvain! Ah! I was certain of it."

"Mr. Yost!—you here?"

"Did I frighten you?"

"I—yes. I hardly expected to see you."

"And I'm sure, the surprise is mutual. But, we are old friends. Shall I have the pleasure of escorting you home?"

"Oh, certainly. I have not very far to go."

"And—" she added, loudly. "I do not live as comfortably as I once did, Mr. Yost."

"How have you been, since I saw you last?"

he asked, as they moved on. "Quite a while, when I come to reckon it."

"As well as I could hope for," was the low reply.

Then a silence ensued. Yost was puzzling himself with trying to imagine what it could mean—why Myrtle St. Sylvain was in Washington city?—and why she was an employee in the Treasury. This was the first time he had seen her, since the afternoon of their brief conversation in the grove, at Myrtleworth.

And Myrtle's mind, at the moment, was filled with thoughts of what Hendrick Wayn had said to her—the warning she had received against the handsome, fashionably dressed young man who walked by her side. She wondered, too, upon the strangeness of his finding her, as for reasons of her own, she had endeavored to conceal her true identity from every one, and was filling her position in the department, under a fictitious name.

Neither noticed the silent mood of the other, for each was engrossed absorbently.

Myrtle did not live very far from there. Presently, she paused before an unpretending residence.

"Here is my home, Mr. Yost. Will you walk in?"

"If I will not intrude? It has been so long since we met, you know."

She led the way into a small, plainly furnished parlor, where a cheery fire burned beneath the mantelpiece. There was very little furniture—rather a bare look about the room; but there pervaded an air of sweetness and sanctity that was, in itself, contentment.

When she had removed her cape, hat and veil, Yost's veins warmed at sight of the lovely face; he experienced all the passion that took

possession of him when he first knew her, at the old Virginian home.

"By Jove!" he thought, "more beautiful than ever."

"How did you happen to find me, Mr. Yost?" she inquired, seating herself near him.

"Why, about a week ago, I was passing the Treasury, and I saw you come out. I was only half assured that you were my friend; so, every day since, at 4 P.M., I have watched for you. I feel decidedly happy in what I have discovered."

"I suppose, then, you have observed that I am a 'Treasury girl?'"

"I concluded you must be engaged in the department—yes."

Myrtle drew her chair closer to the fire, to warm her feet, and her deep blue eyes bent dreamily on the glowing coals.

"I am living in a strange manner, I guess you think, Mr. Yost," she said, after a pause, during which she gazed burningly upon her. "I am one of the busy workers, now."

"Do you live alone here?"

"Oh, no; I have two very dear companions. Three combine our small salaries, and manage to live with some comforts and no luxuries. I do not think I have much to complain of. I have found some honest friends, and I need not sigh for trifling wants."

"But, Miss St. Sylvain—really—now, it may be impertinent; what could have induced you to leave Myrtleworth so suddenly? It was almost like running away."

"I'm afraid aunt Kizzy won't like it," said Bessie.

"We won't tell aunt Kizzy any thing about it," said Mr. Paul, arranging his materials.

"Please sit just as you are a little while."

As he sketched they talked, and Paul found Bessie by no means ignorant or uninformed. The afternoon passed so quickly the sun began to set before they were aware how low it was, and Bessie flew swiftly homeward "to help aunt Kizzy get supper."

Paul, held by some secret intuition from accompanying her, lingered longer, and at last reached home by another route. But he had made Bessie promise to come again the next day and let him finish the sketch.

Bessie came; nor was that the last evening they spent in the shades of the green woodland—but aunt Kizzy sung songs to her cracked guitar and never guessed at it.

Paul painted a copy of his sketch, but he kept it securely hidden behind a curtain in his own room. The few weeks of his stay had lengthened into more than two months, when one afternoon, aunt Kizzy went out to pay a visit, and left Bessie at home. She had not been gone half an hour when Paul came up, and, finding Bessie alone, asked her to go upstairs and look at his picture.

With some hesitation she complied, and Paul withdrew the curtain that she might see her image.

"Oh, I was never half so beautiful!" she cried, smiling and blushing.

"You are much more beautiful," said Paul, with an earnest gaze at her.

"Hush, you must not talk so to me. I am not used to flattery," said Bessie.

"The honest praise of those who love me is not flattery, dear Bessie," said Mr. Paul, gravely.

And, as she cast a half-startled glance up to his face, he laid one hand on her arm, and added:

"Yes, dear Bessie—why should I not say it? I have a right, darling, for I love you. Can you return it, Bessie?"

"Well, I could not hear Bessie's answer, but Paul did, for the next moment he drew the shrinking, yet yielding, little figure to his heart, and—

But there, I don't think I need tell any more. Aunt Kizzy was amazed when she came into the house that night. But it would not do to show her own disappointment, and, as Bessie told her they meant to take her to New York to live with them, I think she felt pretty well reconciled.

New York was better than Elm-glen, even if one didn't have a husband. And I'm sure Miss Kizzy did not regret taking her summer boarder.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip. "I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat house, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen eye longed to see again.

"I come from New York," said he, at once.

"I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip.

"I have a room which I will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be,

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1873.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsmen in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Persons unable to obtain it from a news-dealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:	
One copy for months	\$1.00
" one year	2.00
Two copies, one year	3.00
Three copies, one year	4.00

In all orders for subscriptions be sure to give address in full—State, County, and town, and the name of the subscriber, and the date of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any number. Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepare American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 95 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton's

NEW SERIAL,

THE CREOLE WIFE;

OR,
The Cousin's Scheme!

in hand for early use, is a novel of splendid dramatic quality and of remarkable personality. The general theme is one to enlist the deepest sympathy, from the start, and the pathos, beauty and power of the woman element, thrown into contrast with the subtle genius for evil which certain other elements display, give to each successive chapter a developing interest that holds the reader in thrall to the end. It is a very able, effective and superbly-plotted serial that will be immensely enjoyed by all readers.

In interest of story, oddity and peculiarity of character, singularity of chapter incidents, mystery of relations between persons, and novelty in the material and situations which the author introduces, MR. AIKEN'S

The Man from Texas,

certainly is one of the most original and enjoyable serials which it has ever been our privilege to place before readers—which is saying a great deal, considering how many splendid things we have published in these columns. The story will be started in a short time.

Knowing the vast popularity which will attend its publication, we shall of course print extra large editions; but must now suggest that those who wish not only a copy for themselves but also a copy or several copies for others, should not depend on the possibility of obtaining back numbers, but should now either order a specific number of copies from their news-dealer, or send in their subscriptions, for a specified time, at our usual terms. This will insure the regular delivery of the paper and give those interested the solid satisfaction of perusing the story as it appears.

Our Arm-Chair

Chat.—How to correct the extravagance of our ladies in the matter of dress is a serious problem. We can't do as the ancient lawgivers did, for we are not "heathens," you see. Zaleucus it was who ordained that no woman should go attended by more than one maid in the street, unless she were drunk! and that she should not wear gold-embroidered apparel, unless she designed to act unchaste! This checked the luxurious display of the ladies of his time; but, what would be the result of such a law now? Why, not a torrent of skillets and dish-cloths, for our ladies are rarely armed with such weapons, but a rebellion, a revolution. She is the "biggest toad in the puddle," whose hat cost the most—that is about the substance of our present idea of social "standing," and to deny any lady the right to assert her purse superiority is worse than to compel her to some act of real charity. No; we'll never reach reform in dress extravagance until some considerable number of real sensible women (and we have them by thousands) take the matter in hand themselves. Let a number of women of wealth and influential position come out and declare against loading the person down with expensive dry-goods until a "well-dressed woman" looks like a menagerie procession; let them declare over-dressing and display to be vulgar (as it essentially is) and the reform is initiated. Until something of the kind is done we shall go on importing fabrics from Europe until the country is beggared—for that must be the result of our present rate of importations—six hundred millions of dollars per year for dress and millinery goods alone! What nation could long stand such a bill for goods that are, to all intents, luxuries?

"School" "commencements" are now all over, and the papers are canvassing the merits of educational institutions in a lively manner. One sees in the old-fashioned "classical" course the only true education; another says this is all pure humbug—that the only true education is to adapt a man for his life-calling. Well, both are right and both are wrong, according to our apprehension. Of course there is a need of special instruction in thousands of cases, and a young man having but one, two, or three years for school study, would not be justified in omitting those studies absolutely necessary to fit him for his life-calling. Those who have time and means for a liberal education can, on the other hand, study the classics and higher mathematics and modern science and languages with great profit, and should do so. In this manner only is our scholarship as a nation to be maintained.

Now that the season of bathing is at hand, some advice regarding cramps and paralysis in the water will not be inopportune. When cramp occurs in the limbs, get ashore as quickly as possible, and then use the hands or dry flannels in friction—rubbing the limbs and joints until they are relaxed and warm. The following stimulating liniment, will generally be found to succeed in removing it: Take water of ammonia, or of spirits of hartshorn, one ounce, olive oil, two ounces. Shake them together till they unite. Where the stomach is affected, brandy, ether, laudanum or tincture of ginger affords the speediest means of cure. The following draught may be taken with great advantage: Laudanum, forty or fifty drops; tincture of ginger, two drachms; syrup of poppies, one drachm; cinnamon and mint water. Mix for a draught. To be repeated in an hour if necessary. In severe cases, hot flannels, moistened with compound camphor liniment, and turpentine, or a bladder nearly filled with hot water, at a hundred degrees, or a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, should be applied to the pit of

the stomach; bathing the feet in warm water, or applying a mustard poultice to them, is frequently of great advantage. The best preventives when the cause of cramp is constitutional, are warm tonics, such as the essence of ginger and camomile, Jamaica ginger in powder, etc., avoiding fermented liquors, green vegetables, especially for supper, and wearing flannel next the skin.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

There seems to be a growing tendency to laugh at the misfortunes of others, to sneer at those who are not as well off as we, and to mimic peculiarities of individuals, which being born in them, they can not very well get rid of.

Now, all this is wrong, very wrong, indeed, and shows that those who are unwilling to break themselves of this habit, have but little Christian feeling in them. It is a hard, hard thing to be deaf, to be deprived of the sounds of the beautiful birds' songs, to be shut up in a world where all harmony is excluded from one's ears. You little know how sad and painful a thing it is for one to be deprived of hearing, or you would not treat the deaf as you often do.

"Treat them as we do, how?"

Why, you get impatient if you can not make them understand the words you address them; your very looks betray your irritation. If a person could hear, do you suppose he would ask you to repeat your question? No, indeed; he would only be too glad to hear at once if he could. Then you grow cross, and putting your mouth to the deaf person's ear, you scream your words in a key too harsh to be musical.

This is not only wrong, it is cruel, and shows you to lack the quality of good sense. It is not the screaming that will accomplish your desires. Speak in tones above your ordinary ones, clearly and distinctly. Be gentle and patient; in fact, do as you would wish to be done by under similar painful circumstances.

If a person whom you visit is in poor circumstances, do not let her see that you notice she is so. You go to see her, don't you, and not to notice the scanty furniture and fare she has? I know of a very nice woman indeed, who is just as good as gold herself, one whom you could not help admiring, were you so fortunate as to be acquainted with her; but she lacks money. Her house is neat, clean, and pleasant, yet there are no carpets to her floors, or paper to her walls. One of her recent visitors remarked to her: "Why, Mrs. C., if I had this cozy little house, I'd order handsome carpets, get some white and gold paper, and have pictures of all kinds."

Mrs. C. smiled, and kindly replied:

"And so would I, my dear, if I had the means, but as it is I can not do so, so I thank God for what I do have, and I guess I am quite as happy without them."

Wasn't that a mild rebuke?

Why, bless you, girls, the contented disposition of that woman is worth more than all your mansions of elegance! The plain calico dress sets more nicely—and I doubt not it covers a purer heart—than your magnificent dress that has just come home from Mme. Smith's. I'm not speaking at random; I tell you I know it, and Eve don't stray a great way from the truth ever.

Why should we mimic and mock another's infirmities? Haven't we some infirmities of our own hearts that it wouldn't harm us to look after and mend? You'll never cure a drunkard by ridiculing his swaggering gait and mauldin speech. You'll find if you do so that you are commencing your work at the wrong end. Who likes to be mimicked? I don't for one, and if any one does so, he or she is just cut off from my list of friends.

When I have faults—and grandma Lawless knows that I have enough of them, though Charlie can not see any—I'd rather have you sold me outright and have done with it, and I don't think that is so poor a rule it won't bear repeating.

I hope these remarks do not apply to you dear reader, yet should they do so, won't you please, for Eve's sake, think over them a little and endeavor to mend what may need mending in your character? Take my word for it, you'll be happier for so doing.

We all have faults and infirmities, and it will make us no better by ridiculing those whom we can not aid. If you knew how mean and despicable you look by your mimicry you'd leave it off at once.

If there, if I haven't done any good to others by these remarks, I have given myself a lesson, and no one needs it more than I.

EVE LAWLESS.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

We don't know who is the philosopher speaking, but deem his suggestions so suggestive that we say cut this out and read it often:

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log-cabin all your own, than a brown-stone mansion belonging to some body else.

Better to walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine of lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics, than run in debt for nice new furniture, clothes, or jewelry.

DUTY.

If we do our duty while we are sojourners in this great world there will be but little danger that we shall be found wanting when the great day of reckoning comes, because when we have done our duty we shall be but obeying one of the commandments of the great All-wise. We may have but little to do, but if we do that little, it will redound as much to our credit as if we were conquerors of cities and victors over enemies.

Because others may impose upon us and cheat us in their transactions, it affords us no excuse to treat them or others in the same way; it should rather teach the lesson of the importance and necessity of being honest and trustworthy in our business dealings. It is not impossible that, should any one wrong us, and we in return act up to the motto of "good for evil," we may change him from his evil ways by showing him the good path. We often think

we should have extravagant praise bestowed upon us when we do a praiseworthy action, but, as we are but doing our duty, we are merely acting as we should.

A young writer was engaged to furnish a department every week for a periodical. The amount to be paid for it as his labor was small, but he looked upon it as the "stepping stone" to something greater, and cheerfully accepted it. Snow or rain, blocked roads and piercing cold found him every week wending his way to the little country post-office—from which he lived three miles—unto his humble manuscript. He looked on his labor as if it were no subject for commendation. He said he was but doing his duty. His publishers, being pleased with his punctuality and regularity, made him many presents and aided him in getting engagements on other publications. He had aching limbs often—tired head, severe colds and other ills, but his strict attention to duty is what kept him up, and what should command our respect and esteem, and serve as an example to us who are so negligent in performing our duties. The author is young yet, but may we not rightly expect good, wise and brave things of him in the future? If he has been careful over a few talents, will not the Lord make him the keeper of greater ones?

The boy who lingers on the way to play when sent on errands; the clerk who is half an hour late in the morning, and is the first to leave the store in the evening; the apprentice who is wasteful with his employer's time, and thus hurtful to his interests, are not the ones whom we shall be likely to hear of favorably in the future. They are not the ones whom we shall select as our rulers. They will be eyesores to the busy and industrious.

If "trifles make perfection," so surely do little duties tend to greater ones and make true nobility and manhood. A man who does his duty must have a clear conscience; he can look his fellow-beings full in the face and put to the blush the idle and undutiful objects around him.

F. S. F.

Foot-scap Papers.

Summer Fashions.

For the benefit of that part of fashionable humanity who inhabit the United States and believe altogether in style, and are not satisfied unless their habits are not the latest—in fact, absolutely behind time—I have been induced to give a synopsis of the summer fashions for 1873.

They are various and important, and I beg that this article will be read through two pairs of specs, with due consideration of the pauses and the right pronunciation of the words and proper accent of the syllables.

With gentlemen of taste and talent every thing this summer will be a *la Modo* for promenading.

The coat will be superbly inlaid with grease-spots and beautifully frescoed with patches of various designs and sizes; buttons charmingly absent, button-holes either entirely removed or all delightfully extended into one, and gorgeously clasped in front by an elaborate ten-penny nail or a less ostentatious and plain pine stick; collar of the rolling order—rolled entirely off the coat; sleeves exquisitely fringed; bay-windows in elbows, airy and commodious. The stitches in the back and on the shoulders to make it perfectly *élan point*, will be effectively dropped. The coat will either be double or single-tailed—one earnestly torn off; this, trimmed elegantly and fashionably with a rag-bias carefully pinned on behind by a shrewd boy, will make one of the nobbiest and most attractive coats of the season—*recherche*, or words in English, to that effect.

The vest will be charming, and from motives of necessity will be worn turned; resolutely without buttons, and fastened with a row of elegant pins, and will be splendidly worn out.

Pants will be of a decided antique order of architecture, elaborately knee-sprung, and either attractively rolled up or deliciously shod into boot-tops, and well shingled with exquisite patches selected from different materials. Nothing will be worn in the pockets.

A very elaborate and choice toilet in the shape of feet-wear, to match the suit, will be one boot and one shoe; the boot will be invariably worn on the left foot and the shoe on the right—the boot being more stunning and the left foot being more used for stunning purposes.

The boot will be artistically down, at the heel, and charmingly unpolished; the holes in the toes to be of some decided pattern and invariably just over the holes in the stocking underneath—although some of the most persistent followers of exalted fashion will extravagantly leave them off.

Soles will either be worn on or worn off, at the option of the wearer. The shoe, to be elegant, will have no heel. It will be brilliantly rippled at the seams and nicely unpatched. Design in worsted may be worked upon them or on the rents skillfully edged with gold braid.

The hat for the summer will be the most unique of any former season, and for style and finish can not be surpassed. It will be of straw, superbly chewed around the edges, forming a fringe of excellent design. The crown will be beautifully torn out, and it will be trimmed with an uncompromising second-hand shoe-string, or an elegant rag-string, conscientiously tied around the hat at half-mast. The front is loose, and it has a very large round collar.

The plain dark blue, or brown, or purple twilled silk umbrella, has almost superseded the use of the old style fringed lady's parasol. Small and slender sticks, tipped with sterling silver, are considered in better taste than the club-handled parasols, which came in early in the season. Lace-covered parasols, with ivory or pearl handles, are reserved for carriage use and visits of ceremony.

The latest novelties in gloves are of undressed kid, long in the wrist, cut in one piece, and opening with a slit at the wrist, fastened with one riveted button. This is considered a great improvement on the three and four-buttoned kid, which are so troublesome to fasten and to keep in order.

Sterling silver ornaments are rapidly taking the place of those oxidized buckles, clasps and chatelaines so fashionable in the spring. Those in dead and bright silver, with cut figures, are most sought for, but there is a fair demand for perfectly plain silver clasps, chatelaines and other ornaments.

Hats and bonnets continue to grow larger. Fringed valises are very popular.

Boots and shoes are not made so high on the ankle.

Skirts are worn too long for good taste and comfort.

Hoops and bustles are discarded.

The hair will be worn high during the summer; but the indications are that, by next fall, curl's will be worn on the shoulders and high puffs on the top of the head.

EMILY VERTERY.

A voice from the Western Buffalo Ranges and Haunts of the Blackfeet and the Sioux is the pleasant, graphic and exciting series of stories, which we start in this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, viz.:

TALES OF THE FOOTHILLS,

from the pen of one of our most popular writers of Western romance, W. J. HAMILTON. The series will comprise narratives, chiefly by the person-actor therein, of adventures in the wilds of the "foothills," having the rich flavor of the true trapper and hunter-rover of the West, in style of delivery and nature of story.

Delightful aprons of goods to match, expensively covered with prints of skillet-handles, will be worn with this suit.

Expensive parasols of eminently persuasive gingham, as deliciously full of exquisitely immaculate rents as they can hold, superfluously faded and broom-handled, will be the delight of the sunny season.

Irresistible dresses in extravagantly low-priced calico will be all the rage. The sleeves will be finely worn at a roll, skirt with finely worn-out flounces and elegantly unadorned, or ornamented with captivating patterns in edgings and skirt-black, and beautiful from having successfully escaped seventeen wash-days.

Irresistible dresses in extravagantly low-priced calico will be all the rage. The sleeves will be finely worn at a roll, skirt with finely worn-out flounces and elegantly unadorned, or ornamented with captivating patterns in edgings and skirt-black, and beautiful from having successfully escaped seventeen wash-days.

Irres

POOR IN A WORLD OF PLENTY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

A night that is damp and cold and chill
Mantles a scene of snow and sleet—

And all is still,

Except the sigh of the wintry wind,
Full of murmur of mournful kind

As it breathes over the painted street,

A form that is frail, and thinly clad,

Wearing a face but full of woes

Tottering, haggard, raggedly bare,

Dying alone in the freezing air—

An outcast human whom no one knows!

A hall that glitters in plenty's store,

Shedding its lights on that shape outside

So tired and sore;

And there no Christian to lend an aid,

To her who vainly and piteously implored,

Her eyes to drown one tear if she died!

A morn of beauty with skies of gold,

And hours and lives are full of bliss

And joys untold;

And friends to love, and songs of glee,

And strains of mournful melody.

All pour out their poised kiss—

But while the earth is brimming with sweets,

And every thing is so glad and gay—

One lies lonely and dead in the cold;

A figure so cold in its snowy pall—

The unknown beggar that died to-day!

The Wife's Error.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FAR out on the cold gray waters that tossed drearily and sullenly under a leaden sky, the short, choppy waves lashed into occasional foam-caps by the roaring, surging wind. Isidore Amity was looking—looking with eyes from which all joys seemed forever banished; into which everlasting woe had crept, and lurked, like pale shadows in the violet deeps.

There were no traces of tears in her eyes, and yet you would have said there were many curdling around her heart. You could tell it by the still, dumb agony of the compressed lips, the pallid whiteness around her mouth, the cold, immobile way in which she sat there.

She was hardly a beautiful woman; and yet, with her great, gloriously blue eyes, and the streaming, clinging wealth of palest bronze hair that the rough east wind had unloosened and flung about her; her marble-white face, and small mouth, Isidore Amity ought to have been very fair. And if not had not been for the man of whom she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, that cool, raw August day, until her brain whirled dizzy with sheer desperation anguish, she would have been as lovely as any in the land. But the fierce fires of trouble this man this gentleman—had kindled, left their scorched marks not less on face than heart. He was her husband, too. He had won her in all the freshness and budding promise of her girlhood; he had carried her to Europe, and over her own country; he had made her life a dream so blissful that she dared not pause to ask herself if it was real life, or an enchanted existence she was enjoying. He was very devoted—very tender, as a woman so loves to be treated by her husband; so thoughtful in little things, so ever ready to sacrifice his own comfort for hers; so quick to anticipate her wishes, even her thoughts. And so—how could she have helped it? Where is the wife that would not have worshipped such a husband? Isidore learned to let her very life be for him; life was he, only he, to her. Then—all at once—well, it needs only a word to tell how Julie Bertrand's fascinating face came between them—ah! even the chill east wind blowing through and through her as she crouched on the damp crag could not send such a deathly shiver over her as could the memory of the time when she believed Julie Bertrand had won her husband from her. Of course John Amity denied the accusation; then he resented it; afterward, when in her jealous chiding she hotly reproached him, he coolly laughed, then stormed, then sternly and silently left her presence without a word; and then, to sum all agony in one stinging weight, she saw him, five minutes later, walking beside Julie Bertrand, whose dark, piquant face was laughingly uplifted to his own, that wore a smile.

That night the pillow beside John Amity was unpressed by his wife's head, and to its fluted lace ruffle was pinned a note:

"Since you care for her more than me, I can't stay. I loved you more than any woman ever can."

He read it with flashing eyes and clenched teeth.

"She has left me—me!"

Then the wrath faded, and such a primal yearning came into his prond, handsome eyes.

"Silly child! I never dreamed she was so in earnest! To think I care for Miss Bertrand."

All night he sat, sleepless, by the window, warring with the emotions in his breast. He chid himself for the way he had met his wife's jealous accusations. Why had he not taken her in his arms and kissed away the horrid doubt that was born of such love for him?

He regretted then that he ever had spoken aught to Julie Bertrand since the night Isidore had spoken to him; he regretted vainly all he had said; and of what avail were his regrets? Isidore, his darling, had gone. Where?

If he but knew; and yet, he did not worry so greatly, for he was so sure she would come back, penitent and glad in the morning.

But, when the hours of the night brought full-orbed day, and the days had grown to weeks, and to months, and still there came no Isidore, no tidings, no clue, his soul sickened with grief, and he started forth alone to find her.

Two years! Isidore could better believe it two ages since the warm August night when she pinned her farewell to her pillow, kissed the one where his dear head had lain; two years, this very day, and the second anniversary was a day of frowning skies, and moaning winds, as the first had been, as it was meet.

Only to-day, Julie Bertrand had crossed her path for the first time since—that other dreadful time.

She had seen Julie from her window when the passengers from the boat came in. She had recognized that same gloriously dark face, framed in by a witching little lace gipsy, with a trailing spray of clematis and ribbon grass resting on her slender, shapely shoulder.

The proud, dark face had brought all Isidore's troubles freshly back. Not that they ever had left her, for a moment; only the very keenest edge was slightly worn off; and Julie had stirred up the ashes of memories Isidore was trying to kill.

But they would not be killed; she knew that by the wild tumult of her soul as she sat on the sea-shore, crouching behind one of those huge jutting boulders that abound at Newport.

She was wondering long Julie Bertrand would remain; she was desparingly yearning after the old, old times; she was wishing the rebellious tears, that refused to come, would cool and moisten her hot, dry eyeballs—and then—she faintly shrunk into herself, cowering like a guilty woman, for there, right behind her, on the opposite side of her rocky retreat, sounded her husband's voice. Her husband's, and Julie Bertrand's."

The wind blew fitfully, but between gusts she heard it all; and then, when they walked away, all unconscious of her presence, she slid softly down on her knees, and mingled her thanksgiving with the roar of the waves and the rush of the winds.

"Poor Isidore—is it possible you never have heard of, or from her?"

How plainly Julie's sweet voice had sounded above the noise of the tempestuous waves.

"Never, Miss Bertrand, though I have sought from Maine to California."

His dear voice! still so melodious, so deep in its intonation.

"What a pity," and Miss Bertrand's words came in a low, pitiful cadence, and Isidore set her teeth tightly together as she listened. "But, will you keep on looking, dear Mr. Amity? Surely two years' desertion is sufficient cause for a—"

"Miss Bertrand, spare yourself the shame of what you were about to say. Suffice it that I could find my wife—my good, pure, sorely tried wife. He would consider no pains too great, no trouble too severe. When she comes back—I know she will come some day—she will find me a better man, a wortlier man, than she left me."

The voices died away in a great rush of wind, and in a moment Isidore saw her husband going alone down the steep path from the hotel.

She waited a while; and then Julie went alone back to the hotel.

And then, trembling so she could not walk straight, Isidore returned hastily to her room. With wild haste she took from the bottom of one of her trunks a dress—delicate green it was, trimmed with black lace; she donned it, fastened a lace ruffle at her throat with a small coral star, hung corals in her tiny ears, and then rung for a waiter to ascertain the number of the room assigned to Mr. John Amity.

"Do I look like I did that night?" she murmured, wistfully—"that night I went away, when I so wronged him, so cruelly wronged him? Oh, I wonder what he will say when he finds me here, in his room?"

She sat down by the open window to watch him come; then, when she saw him, she drew back lest he should see her. Nearer he came, up the stairs, through the corridor; the door knob turned; the door swung open—

Was it only a mocking vision from the past? or was it Isidore's warm, clinging arms around his neck?

Isidore's tear-wet cheeks pressed his own.

"Oh, John—can you ever—ever forgive?" And then he knew he was happy again, for all time.

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHIP WITHOUT SAILORS.

AMONG the vessels lying in the harbor of San Francisco is one athwart whose stern may be read the name *El Condor*.

She is a ship of small size—some five or six hundred tons—devoted to peaceful commerce, and an appointment made by one who has promised to be aboard by 12 M. This is the day appointed.

Though a stranger to San Francisco, Captain Lautanas has some knowledge of his correspondent; at least he has heard that a gentleman of the same name as that signed to the letter is a large landed proprietor, whose acres lie contiguous to the town, of late quadrupled in value—by the gold immigration. What this gentleman may want with him or his ship Captain Lautanas can not tell, nor guess. But, while standing with elbow resting on the captain, and puffing away at his paper cigarette, he is endeavoring to do the latter.

Help he has, from something heard on his last visit to the town, made two days before; there in Spanish circles the talk was that the *hacienda* in question has lately sold his land and realized an immense sum by the sale—half a million mentioned. Furthermore, that being a Spaniard, and neither Mexican nor Californian, he was about to take back his family, as also his household goods, thus aggrandized, to the place whence, two years before, he had brought them. Then, as the story went, they could have been stowed in a single stateroom, or at most two; now they might require a whole ship, or a goodly portion of one.

El Condor has still plenty of room to spare. Her hold is not half full; and her cabin has accommodation for several passengers. Might it be for this his correspondent is seeking an interview?

Captain Lautanas asks the question of himself. It pleases him to think it may be.

While indulging in this hope, he sees that which for a time puts an end to his speculations.

It is a shore boat with a single pair of rowers, and a gentleman, evidently a landsman, seated in the stern sheets. And as evidently steering straight for *El Condor*.

Captain Lautanas steps to the side of his vessel, and, standing in the waist, awaits the arrival of his visitor.

As the boat draws near he sees a gentleman in Spanish features, dressed in semi-Californian costume, and is now pretty sure it is he who has answered his advertisement in the newspaper.

He can no longer have a doubt when the California, having ascended the man-ropes, and stepped down upon the deck, hands him a card, bearing the name of his correspondent.

As he is wandering away from the ship to *El Condor*. Let us return to and go aboard of her.

We see not much there that can strictly be called Chilean. But little besides the ship herself and the captain commanding; not commanding sailors, for there is not a single one aboard, either hailing from Chile or elsewhere. They have abandoned her—gone off to the gold-diggings!

Arriving in San Francisco in the heat of the placer-fever, they preferred seeking fortune with pick, shovel and pan, to handling tarry ropes at ten dollars a month.

Almost on the instant of the ship dropping anchor they deserted her to a man, leaving her skipper alone, with only the cook for a companion.

Neither is the last Chilean, but African. No more are the two monkeys, observed gambling about the deck: for Chile—too far from the tropic zone—knows not the *quadramana*.

Scarcely any thing seen upon the Condor is the last he is: for the correspondent of Captain Lautanas is Don Gregorio Montijo.

The illness which has made inroads upon his health, enfeebling a once-vigorous frame, has been in part mental suffering caused by the death of his wife, but more from an intermittent fever, the effects of which are still observable in eyes somewhat sunken.

It is partly in hope of getting his strength restored that he is returning to Spain; though other reasons, already assigned, have contributed to the resolve.

Perhaps it is the near prospect of the change that now makes him high-hearted; or was it the recent grand stroke of good fortune in having realized such a large sum, by the sale of his estate. Whatever the cause, there is a sparkle in his eye as he steps on board the ship that tells a tale of cheerfulness rather than despondency.

No wonder at this. A man who has just sold a tract of land for \$300,000, which twelve months before was worth only a small portion of the sum, could scarce be other than cheerful. And besides having made the sale, received the money, if not in gold coin, in its equivalent gold-dust and nuggets, the then common currency of California.

Captain Antonio Lautanas is a Chilean of the pure Spanish-American type—and being this, he takes things coolly, bearing his disappointments with a patient resignation, that would be quite incomprehensible to either English or Yankee skipper.

No doubt it has something to do with Don

Gregorio's being in good spirits. For he is, as shown by his smiling face as he steps on board.

His presenting the card is to save speech in the formality of introduction. After which, he stands to recover his breath, taken from him by the effort made in climbing up the companion.

"Si, señor," responds the master of the Condor, bowing with becoming humility before a man reputed so rich. "A *servicio de v.*" he adds; and after this proffer of service, waits to hear what may be required of him.

"Well, captain, having seen your advertisement in the *Diario*, I wrote an answer to it. Have you received my letter?"

"Si, señor."

"May bien! I thought it best to come aboard; so that I might be made acquainted with all particulars. Your ship is for freight or passage?"

"Either, señor."

"You advertise bound for Valparaiso, and intermediate ports?"

"Si, señor."

"Have you any passengers?"

"Not as yet."

"How many can you take?"

"Well, to speak truth, my craft is not intended to carry passengers. She's a trading vessel, as you may see. But if you'll come with me to the cabin, you can judge for yourself. There's a snug little saloon, and sleeping accommodations for six; two of them state-rooms that will serve, if need be, for ladies."

"That will do. Now about freight. Have you any cargo aboard?"

"A portion of my ship is already occupied."

"That won't signify to me. I suppose you have enough room left for something that weighs less than a ton, and isn't of any great bulk. Say it will take half a score of cubic feet. Can you storage for that?"

"Si, señor. That and two hundred times as much."

"Buena! And also three passengers: a gentleman and two ladies—in short, myself and daughters: at least one of them is; the other is my grand-daughter. Can you find accommodations for us all?"

"Will the Señor Montijo step into the Con- dor's cabin, and see for himself?"

"Of course."

Captain Lautanas leads down the stairway, his visitor following.

The saloon is examined; after it the state-rooms, right and left.

The examination proves satisfactory.

"Just the thing," says Don Gregorio, speaking in soliloquy. "It will do," he adds, addressing himself to "it will." "And now, Captain Lautanas, about terms—what are they?"

"That, señor, will depend on what is wanted."

"Where do you wish me to take you?"

The cavaliers who accompany regard them with glances of ardent admiration. If they have been but smitten before, they are getting fast fixed now; and both will soon be seriously in love. The *paseo de caballo* promises to end in a proposal for journeying through life together—in two's.

On starting out the young officers, may have been troubled with a thought of their own costume not being shipshape. On horseback in a naval uniform!

No fear of ridicule, however, on the roads of California, where all ride, gentle or simple—sailors in Guernsey shirts and pilot jackets—soldiers with straw hats, barefooted in the stirrups!

Crozier is not thinking of the thing, nor has he any need. His rank has furnished him with a frock coat, which, close-buttoned and fitting well, gives a handsome *contour* to his person. Besides, he is a splendid rider, has followed hounds before he ever set foot on board ship.

Carmen Montijo can perceive this; can tell with a glance that her cavalier is an accomplished horseman. It pleases her to know it; gives her pride to think that her *amante* is a man equal to every thing.

With the other two things are a little different. Willie Cadwallader is no rider, having had but little practice. Up to that hour he has not been in the saddle two-score times. This is obvious to all—Inez, as the rest. Besides the mid is in a pew-jacket, which, although becoming aboard ship, does seem a little odd in the saddle, on a prancing Californian mustang.

Does it make Willie look a guy? Not in his own eyes. He does not give a thought to it, nor feel the slightest sense of humiliation at his inferiority in horsemanship. He, but laughs when his mustang curves, the louder when it comes near pitching him.

Nor does it make him ridiculous in the eyes of Inez Alvarez. On the contrary, she appears charmed and laughs too; delighted at his *naïveté* and the manliness he displays in not caring for consequences. She knows he is not in his own element, the sea. She believes that there he would be brave, heroic, among ropes the most skilled of reefers, and that if he can not gracefully sit a horse he could ride big billows, breasting them like an albatross.

Thus mutually taking each other's measure, the four equestrians canter on, and soon arrive at the Mission.

They only pause to give a glance at the old monastery, where Spanish monks long lorded it over their red-skinned neophytes; at the church where erst ascended incense, and prayers were pattered in the ears of the aboriginal, by him ill understood.

A moment spent in the *cemeterio*, where Carmen points out the tomb inclosing the remains of her mother, and drops a tear upon the grave. A second is forced from her by the reflection that soon she'll be far from that sacred spot, perhaps never more to stand upon it!

A way from it now, and on to the hill from which they may behold the Pacific!

In another hour they are upon it, and see the mighty ocean extending before them to the far horizon verge, the limit of their vision. All bright, beautiful, and blue. Only some dark specks in the dim distance, the lone isles of the Farrallones more northerly, and not so far off, the "Seal Rock," and that, called *de campana*, from its hollow arcade resembling the belfry of a church. Nearer a long line of breakers, foam-crested, and nearer still a strip of shiny beach, backed by a broad reach of sandunes—*medanos*.

Seated in the saddle, they contemplate the stupendous panorama. The four are not together, but apart—two and two. Somehow or other, their horses have thus disposed themselves. The one ridden by Crozier having drawn up alongside that of Carmen; while the mustang so much mismanaged by Cadwallader has elected to range itself beside that of Inez.

Perhaps the pairing has not been altogether accidental. Whether or no, it is done; and the conversation, up to that time general, is now reduced to the simplicity of the dialogue.

We must take the two pairs apart, giving priority to those who by years have the right to it.

Crozier, looking abroad over the ocean, says:

"I shall soon be upon it."

He says it with a sigh.

"And I too," responds Carmen, in a tone singularly similar.

"Senorita, how soon do you think of leaving California?"

"Very soon; my father is already making arrangements and expects to get away in a week, or less. Indeed, this very day he has gone down to the harbor to see about a ship that will take us as far as Panama. After inviting you he was compelled to go, and commissioned me to apologize for the rudeness of his not being at home to receive you. He will be there by the time we get back."

"For that no apology is needed, I suppose you are very happy at the prospect of returning to Spain?"

"No, indeed, although it is my native land. On the contrary, it is a prospect that makes me rather miserable. I like California, and could live here forever. Don't you?"

"I do now. In two weeks from this time I should care no more for it."

"Why do you say that, Don Edwardo? There is an enigma in your words. Will you please explain them?"

While asking these questions her gray-blue eyes look into his with an expression of searching eagerness, almost anxiety.

"Shall I tell you why, senorita?"

"I have asked you, senor."

"The answer is, I like California now because it contains what is to me the dearest object on earth—the woman I love. In two weeks I shall not care for the country, because she will be no longer in it. That, senorita, is the key to what you have called an enigma."

"Will you pardon a woman's curiosity, and tell me the name of the lady who can thus control your likes and dislikes of our dear California?"

Crozier hesitates, a red spot flashing out upon his cheek. He is going to pronounce the most important speech of his life. What if it should be coldly received? But no, he can not be mistaken. That question—asked so quaintly, yet so feelingly—surely it has courted the answer. He gives the name:

"Dona Carmen Montijo."

"Edwardo, are you in earnest? Can I take your words for true? Do not deceive me—in mercy do not. For if you do, I am lost—lost—To you—and I now tell you—I have surrendered my heart, my soul. Say that I have yours! oh, say it!"

"I have said it, Carmen."

"Sincerely?"

"Look in my eyes for the answer."

She obeys; and the two bending nearer, seated in their saddles, for a time gaze into each other's eyes; the flashes from the blue crossing and commingling with the flashes from the brown.

Neither can mistake the meaning of those mutual glances. In both it is the light of love, pure as it is passionate.

Not another word passes between them. The dreaded crisis is over; and their hearts quivering with sweet content, they now turn their thoughts to the future, full of happy promise.

Near by are two other hearts, quite as happy as theirs, at the close of a scene less sentimental, and a conversation that, to one overhearing it, might appear only in jest. For all that, it was in real earnest, and so ended.

Following is the final speech of Cadwallader, and the reply of his sweetheart:

"Inez, you're the dearest girl I ever met in all my crusings. Now don't let us beat about any longer, but take in sail and bring the ship to an anchor. Will you be mine, and marry me?"

"I will."

No need to stay longer there, no object for continuing to gaze over the ocean.

Their horses seem instinctively to understand this; and turning all together, set heads for home.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GOLPE DE CABALLO.

AN hour later on the same day.

The sun low down, almost touching the crest of the coast range hills.

Two horsemen moving along the Dolores road, their faces set for San Francisco.

It is De Lara and Calderon returning from the *pelea de gallos*.

They have seen Don Manuel Losada, and arranged every thing about the duel. Faustino has finally determined to fight. Instigated by his more courageous confederate, and with the promise of strong backing by Losada—a sort of California, bravo—his own courage is at length screwed to the sticking-point. It is kept there by *Catalan* brandy—they had found, freely circulating around the cock-pit. A flask of it they have brought away with them, at intervals taking a pull, as they ride along the road.

Under the influence of this potent spirit Don Faustino has become quite valiant, and swears he can once again set eyes on the *guardia marina* he will not leave him without giving an insult, gross enough to extract a challenge.

Carrambo! he will do as De Lara has recommended—cuff him, kick him, spit in his face; any thing to make the *gringo* fight—that boy without a beard. And if he don't, then, *carrambo!* he shall apologize; get down upon his knees, acknowledge him, Faustino Calderon, the better man; and surrender all claims to the smiles of Inez Alvarez.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Breast to breast they meet, and shoulder to shoulder they go crashing together. The men are both silent themselves; only a cry from Carmen, a shriek from Inez, simultaneous with the shock.

Then it is over, De Lara is seen rolling upon the road, his horse floundering in the dust beside him.

Instantly regaining his feet, he rushes to get hold of his pistols, still in the saddle holsters.

He too late, Cadwallader has come up, and dropping from his mustang, as if from a poop deck, has made himself master of the weapons.

Disarmed, his glittering attire all over dismounted, De Lara stands in the middle of the road. He can do nothing now but storm and threaten, interlarding his threats with vile epithets, and the emphasis of oaths.

The ladies, at Crozier's request, have ridden on ahead, and their ears are not offended.

After listening a short while to the exhibition of his impotent spleen—Cadwallader laughing at it—Crozier calls out:

"Now, Don Francisco De Lara—for your card tells me that your name—take a sailor's advice: go quietly to your quarters, and then stow yourself out of sight till your temper cools down. We don't want you to walk; you shall have your horse, though not your shooting-irons. These I shall take care of myself, and may return them to you when next we meet."

After dictating these humiliating conditions, which, *notens solens*, the defeated bravo is obliged to accept, the young officers turn their horses' heads to the road, and coolly canter away.

Having joined the señoritas, they continue their interrupted ride, with no fear of again being disturbed by a *golpe de caballo*.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

would pass muster well enough at night, it would be apt to be detected by day.

Then to the mind of the colonel came the thoughts of the Madison avenue house which had sheltered the fugitive before. The chances were ten to one that he would again seek concealment there. Of course it was almost impossible for Blaine to guess that his retreat was known, or, at all events, it was very unlikely that he should guess it.

And so the Virginian, who hated the escaped convict so bitterly, proceeded at once to the Bowery and took a car up-town.

Getting out at the corner of Third avenue and Thirty-ninth street, he proceeded through the Bowery to Madison avenue, and again took up his old post of observation.

It was now a little after ten o'clock and the avenue was almost deserted.

As the colonel waited and watched, he suddenly thought of the detectives whom he had summoned to the Bridgeport boat.

"By the time my bird gets snugly housed here they will be back at the Central Office, and then, after he's once in here, he'll be apt to leave it to-night, and I can go for the officers myself."

Campbell had not been thirty minutes in his post of observation when he saw a figure cross the avenue, coming from the Broadway side, which bore a striking likeness to John Blaine. Campbell was too familiar with Blaine's peculiar, easy, graceful walk to be deceived.

"It's my man!" he muttered, in fierce joy. "I'll bet a thousand dollars against a cent!"

Campbell could hardly remain quiet, so great was his exultation. The prey, upon whose track he followed with so keen a scent and with such untiring feet, was walking blindly into the entry.

Campbell thought that the plan was good, and assented to it at once.

Then the search began.

The occupant of the room, upon the officer explaining the nature of the business, made but little opposition to the search. The blue uniform produced the proper impression.

Apartment after apartment was visited, but no trace of John Blaine could they find; and at last the two, followed by the boy, who took a great interest in the proceeding, came to the upper landing.

"I live there," said the boy, pointing to the door at the head of the stairs: "and there's only one other family besides us on this floor. There ain't anybody in the front rooms."

"And who lives there, Jimmy?" asked the officer, pointing to the other door facing the entry, at the head of the stairs, and through which shone a bright light.

"Two girls—they sew fur a livin'," replied the youth.

"I'm afraid this chap is too much for us," said the officer, sagely.

"We might as well search the two rooms, though," Campbell suggested, terribly disappointed at the easy escape of the fugitive, and cursing his own folly that he had not attempted to arrest him in the street, and run the risk of his escape in the confusion.

"Oh, yes; we'll make a clean job of it now that we've got our hand in," the officer answered. "And we'll call upon these two young ladies first, and leave the young feller's roosting-place for the last."

The officer knocked at the left-hand door, through which shone the bright light.

The door was opened, and a young girl appeared. Even the bluff and astute policeman was impressed with her lady-like appearance, and her remarkable beauty.

The girl was Mary Martin.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said the officer, gallantly: "we would like to look through your rooms a bit; you've no objection. The fact is there is an escaped convict got into the house and hidden himself away somewhere, and we're trying to hunt him out."

"Yes, sir," said the girl, evidently very much alarmed, despite her efforts to conceal her agitation.

"Don't be afraid, Miss," said the officer, reassuringly; "we ain't a-going to do you the least bit of harm. Of course, we know that the man we are after ain't in here, but we're ordered to search the hull house; and duty, Miss, you know, is duty. We can't go to run agin' orders, however much we'd like to oblige a lady like yourself. So if you just let the gentleman walk in, he'll look round, and it will be over in a minute."

"Certainly, sir," said the girl, and she stepped back from the door.

Campbell, who had been standing behind the policeman, did not catch sight of the girl's face until she spoke, and then he stared at her like one in a dream.

Mary, retreating into the room, did not notice the look, but the officer did, and he was utterly amazed.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" the policeman asked in astonishment, nudging Campbell in the side with his elbow as he spoke.

"You seem struck all of a heap."

"It is most wonderful!" Campbell muttered, in a low tone, apparently talking to himself, and not hearing the question of the officer.

"Well, she's about as handsome as they make 'em," the policeman said, with the manner of one who considers himself a judge in such matters. "But come, hurry up your cakes; I must get back to my post."

With an effort, recovering somewhat from his astonishment, Campbell walked into the room.

In the little kitchen a cat would have found it a difficult matter to have found concealment, let alone a human. In the inner room it was the same, and in the dark bedroom, which led from the kitchen, in the bed or under it, were the only places where a man could hide. John Blaine was neither beneath the bed nor on it; under it was but empty space, and the smooth surface of the bed-covering showed no outline of a human form concealed beneath.

The policeman had remained outside as before, but as the door had been left open, he could easily notice the manner of the searcher, and great was his wonder thereat, for Campbell seemed like a man in a dream. Now then he would stare at the girl, with a vacant expression upon his face, and pass his hand over his forehead in a strange, mechanical sort of way.

"Blamed if he don't look just like a lunatic!" the officer observed, sagely, to himself.

The search was ended, and Campbell stood in the center of the room looking around him with a peculiar, dreamy look upon his face as though he expected to see John Blaine pop out from some vacant corner, like a jack-in-a-box. Then suddenly he turned to the girl.

"I beg your pardon, Miss; what's your name?" he asked.

"Mary Martin, sir," she answered, astonished at the question.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SEARCHING THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

THIS movement on the part of Blaine was quite a surprise to Campbell, but promptly he darted forward and pursued the fugitive into the house. He was only some twenty or thirty paces behind him.

In the hall the Virginian hesitated. Whether Blaine had gone up the stairs toward the roof, or found shelter in some of the apartments, was a puzzle which Campbell speedily guessed would not be easily

got away, eh?" the officer questioned. "It's plain enough to me. He either didn't come up-stairs at all, or else the key was in the door which leads to the roof, and he just went out, took the key with him, and locked the door on the outside; then he ran over the roofs and went down to the street through some other house. It's an old dodge. I've seen a chap play it right in the daytime with two or three officers smack at his heels, and git away, too."

The explanation was reasonable, and Chocolate did not wonder now that the girl had locked the door. She came close up to the trembling girl and placed her arm around her waist.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you, and why did you lock the door?"

"I—I was frightened," Mary stammered, in a low voice, evidently speaking only with great effort.

"What of it?" asked the officer in wonder.

"She's a pretty girl and a ladylike girl, too, but I don't see any thing in her face for to knock a man all of a heap."

"I don't understand it myself," the colonel said, slowly. "It has made a wonderful impression upon me. The face seems so familiar, and yet I can't remember that I ever saw one like it before."

The policeman looked at the Virginian for a moment in wonder, and then muttered something in an undertone about "a first-class subject for a first-class 'locootic' asylum." Then he advanced briskly toward the door at the head of the stairs and rapped.

The door was opened by Mrs. Murphy, the mother of the boy, in person. The officer explained his business, and Campbell proceeded to search the rooms.

There were only Mrs. Murphy and Chocolate, who was tending the baby, in the apartments; the rest of the family had gone off to attend a "wake."

The sagacious officer expected to again see Campbell struck "all of a heap," as he would have expressed it, at the sight of Chocolate, for he had got an idea in his head that his companion was slightly cracked in the upper story, and that the fresh, innocent face of a young girl developed his madness. But the officer was disappointed. Beyond a single searching glance, Campbell paid no attention to the young girl.

Within three minutes the search was concluded, and no trace of John Blaine was discovered.

And as Campbell closed the door behind him and stood on the landing, apparently in deep thought, he cast an earnest glance at the door of Mary's room, as if he wished again to behold the face that had affected him so strongly.

The policeman, who was half-way down stairs, noticed the hesitation of his companion, and stopped in wonder to observe him.

"Blessed if he ain't at it again!" he muttered.

But Campbell conquered the strong impulse and slowly followed the officer down-stairs, pausing every now and then to cast a glance behind him, as though he was half inclined to go back.

The policeman kept his eye upon him and became more and more convinced that his suspicion was correct as regarded the larceny of the searcher after John Blaine. Then suddenly across the mind of the worthy officer flashed the thought that perhaps the statement of Campbell that he had chased the escaped convict into the tenement-house was but the delusion of a madman. And the officer swore like a trooper to himself when he reflected that he had wasted half an hour or more in the search.

"I wonder if I hadn't ought to 'take him in'?" muttered the policeman, dubiously, as he stood on the sidewalk, and surveyed Campbell, who was descending the steps.

But out in the cold night air, in the face lit up by the flickering glare of the gaslight, the policeman could detect no trace of madness. The Virginian was himself again.

"I am really sorry I've put you to all this trouble," Campbell said. "It is a wonder how this man has contrived to elude us. I am of the opinion, though, that the boy was mistaken, and that he did not go up-stairs at all."

"He might have got off by way of the roof, you know," suggested the officer.

"Perhaps so?"

"Well, I'm sorry we didn't nab him," the officer observed, reflectively. "I should have liked to have raked in that little five hundred reward that is offered for him; but better luck next time. We can't 'keno' every lick, you know. I'll just tell the rounders 'bout the affair, and he'll warn all the officers on post near to keep their eyes open for this chap. Maybe we'll get him 'fore morning now; good night."

The officer moved off, and from that time until he was relieved from his beat, he found plenty of occupation in arguing with himself whether the Virginian was a sane man or a "locootic."

And Campbell, in front of the tenement-house, gazed up at the lighted windows, as though with his piercing eyes he would tear from the dark bricks and the transparent glass the secret of John Blaine's almost miraculous escape.

For full twenty minutes the colonel remained motionless as a statue, his brain in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

Then suddenly he seemed to recover his senses.

"Much good it will do me to stand staring here, like a fool, up at this building," he muttered, savagely. "Oh, what an idiot I was that I didn't jump upon him in the street!" I took a fiendish pleasure in following so close upon his track and thinking of the agony that he must endure in his fruitless efforts to elude me. But at last he did the trick and threw me off the scent. By this time he is probably a mile or so away, and laughing in his sleeve at his success in getting the best of me. I had the bird right in my hand and yet did not grasp him. I'll know better next time. But now, what shall I do to hit upon his track again?" Then Campbell turned and walked up the street, meditating deeply. "He will not attempt to go back to the house in Madison avenue, now that he knows that his retreat there is discovered. He will hardly try to leave the city, for he will surely guess that this night's work will render the police doubly vigilant. There's only one thing for me to do: watch that Ishman; he is in communication with Blaine and will lead me to him again, just as he did this time. And now the first thing for me to do is to go down to the Central Office and give all the particulars of my chase to-night."

And jumping into a street-car at the corner, Campbell rode at once down-town.

Some twenty minutes after the rooms of Mrs. Murphy had been searched by the amateur detective, Chocolate resigned the baby to Mrs. Murphy, bid her good-night and proceeded to her own apartments. To her astonishment she found that the door was locked.

She rapped, and after a moment or so she could hear Mary's footsteps as she came to the door, but the girl did not open it, but spoke:

"Who is it?"

"Me—Chocolate," replied the second Mary, emphatically, if not with a due regard for Lindley Murray.

Then there was a delay of a minute or so, at which Chocolate wondered greatly, and Mary unlocked the door and opened it.

As Chocolate entered the little kitchen she

was astonished at Mary's appearance. Her face was deadly pale, and she was trembling in every limb, evidently under the influence of some great excitement.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you, and why did you lock the door?"

"I—I was frightened," Mary stammered, in a low voice, evidently speaking only with great effort.

"What of it?" asked the officer in wonder.

"She's a pretty girl and a ladylike girl, too, but I don't see any thing in her face for to knock a man all of a heap."

"I don't understand it myself," the colonel said, slowly. "It has made a wonderful impression upon me. The face seems so familiar, and yet I can't remember that I ever saw one like it before."

The policeman looked at the Virginian for a moment in wonder, and then muttered something in an undertone about "a first-class subject for a first-class 'locootic' asylum." Then he advanced briskly toward the door at the head of the stairs and rapped.

The door was opened by Mrs. Murphy, the mother of the boy, in person. The officer explained his business, and Campbell proceeded to search the rooms.

There were only Mrs. Murphy and Chocolate, who was tending the baby, in the apartments; the rest of the family had gone off to attend a "wake."

The sagacious officer expected to again see Campbell struck "all of a heap," as he would have expressed it, at the sight of Chocolate, for he had got an idea in his head that his companion was slightly cracked in the upper story, and that the fresh, innocent face of a young girl developed his madness. But the officer was disappointed. Beyond a single searching glance, Campbell paid no attention to the young girl.

Within three minutes the search was concluded, and no trace of John Blaine was discovered.

And as Campbell closed the door behind him and stood on the landing, apparently in deep thought, he cast an earnest glance at the door of Mary's room, as if he wished again to behold the face that had affected him so strongly.

The policeman, who was half-way down stairs, noticed the hesitation of his companion, and stopped in wonder to observe him.

"Blessed if he ain't at it again!" he muttered.

But just at this moment of depression, a circumstance transpired which at once restored courage and confidence, and the work was renewed and pushed rapidly forward to completion.

It had become known that the Indians were massing upon the northern bank of the Ohio river with the intention of making a general raid throughout the border settlements, and the alarm was general over the exposed districts.

The sun was just sinking to rest behind a low range of hills in the west, his last rays lingering upon the peaceful scene of the town, as if to leave.

The day's work was over; the old folks were seated in the doorways of their cabins, watching the children at play upon the green plot which was to be the "square" of the town, when such a hamlet should become.

Every thing was calm and peaceful and hopeful, when suddenly, every man, woman and child were thrilled with fear as a shrill, almost unearthly cry came ringing out of the dense forest from the east, closely followed by the uncouth form of Wild Austin, who, with violent gesticulation, was bounding forward with the speed of a wounded buck.

Farthest from the center of the cluster of huts, four little children were playing. These he snatched, two upon either arm, and with them continued his headlong race.

"To the block-house with ye!" he called.

"The red heathens are at your doors! Take your little ones; leave all else and flee!"

With shouting these words he was himself making for the block-house, the door of which he was first to reach.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

But, Wild Austin's work was safe.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest, when such the hamlet should become.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their riles from the block-house.

But Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these the remarkable man reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at least.

